THE SWEETWATER ENTERPRISE.

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THE ENTERPRISE.

PUBLISHED EVERY THURSDAY,

BY C. B. WOODWARD,

At Two Dollars a Year,

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THE ENTERPRISE.

THURSDAY, NOVEMBER 21, 1872.

For the Enterprise.

NOVEMBER.

BY HENRY W. BELLAMY.

The beautiful Summer is ended,
The fields and the forests now tell!
Green, yellow, and brown, are all blended,
And nature seems whispering farewell.
The birds are all gathered in crowds,
And send forth a dirge for the leaves,
That fall as the dark rolling clouds
Are borne through the heavens in reefs.

The flowers now shrink from the frost,
And the insects retire to sleep;
While the beauty of earth forever seems lost,
And the wind o'er the ruins to weep,
Like the voice of a friend that stands by
And mourns o'er the death-bed in gloom—
While rain-drops, the tears of the sky,
Fall down on the head of each bloom.

Now slowly, and sadly, the trees
For wintery hours prepare;
And colder and colder each breeze,
Till stript of their foliage bare.
Oh! I sigh as I look o'er the scene,
Prophetic of man's own decay,
For he fades like the foliage green—
How soon he is withered away!

But yet, it is sweet consolation,
To know that the storm and the rain,
Though they bring for awhile desolation,
Will restore us the sunshine again.
And oh! Winter is not all dreary,
For who in his stormiest night,
Of the fire-side has ever grown weary?
I turn to its charms with delight!

'Tis an Eden of social enjoyment,
From which, there is none that would part;
When we rest from every employment,
And friendship entwines round each heart!
Then let the fierce storms loudly blow,
Though we sigh for the spring of the year;
For we cannot but welcome the snow,
And this then should solace each care.

Second Love.

The November afternoon was darkening into night at Florence and I drove back from the cemetery where we had seen our father laid to rest. I was twenty-two, that summer, and the affianced bride of Alden Freeman; but, since my father's death, I had not seen him, and my heart told me only too plainly, that the love which had been given to Marion Wilbor, the favored of fortune, had not been transferred to Marion Wilbor, the homeless orphan.

Florence, though younger than I, was married; had her home and her husband, and could afford to look upon my father's failure and death calmly; but I—what was I to do? I must begin the world, and earn a living for myself.

We stopped before the mansion that had so long been home—that, after to-night would be home no longer.

"I wish to speak to you, Marion," Florence said.

I led the way into the library.

"Well?" I said, sitting down in the gloom. "What is it Florence?"

"It is this Marion. What do you mean to do?"

"I don't know," I said drearily enough

"It is time you did," said Florence. "You must earn your own living. I tell you frankly that I cannot offer you a home, and you must get some situation. To-morrow you must leave this house. You have no money. Where are you going?"

I dropped my head on the table and burst into tears. Oh the unspeakable desolation and misery I felt at that moment! My sister had never been overstocked with affection for her family, and thoughts of the world had always filled a large place in her heart; but it did seem as if she might at least give me time to bury my father before thrusting me into it—and not my father only, but my lover, for was he not dead to me also, and must I not bury him out of my sight?

"I have been more thoughtful for you than you have been for yourself,' pursued Florence. "I have found you a temporary home. Mrs. Brown is in want of a seamstress. I have spoken for you; her terms are liberal, and you are to go there at once."

Marion Wilbor go out as a seamstress! How coolly she talked of it! It is astonishing how persons will talk of discomfort when they are not the parties concerned. I made no answer. I did not lift my head, but cried on, silent, wretched tears as ever a woman wept.

"You will go there to-morrow morning, when you leave here, and while there you can advertise for another place. I must be going now. Good by."

I did not answer, and she was gone; then I sank down in my loneliness, poverty and misery, and cried until I could cry no longer.

"O Alden, Alden!" I cried, in my great wretchedness "Is this the love you professed for me?"

And so that long night passed, as all nights must; but the morning found me a changed woman. It seemed as if in that one night I had given up everything that had been dear to me. It did not break my heart, either; Alden Freeman should never do that; when my heart broke it should be for a worthier object. No! I thanked God that I had learned Alden Freeman's unworth so soon.

With no choice left, I took my way to Mrs. Brown, and remained for three months a member of her family. One morning, an advertisement in the paper attracted my attention, and I determined to answer it. It was for a copyist. A few hours later, I knocked at the office door of Edwin Graham. He was a lawyer, and one of the most talented men at the New York bar.

"You advertised for a copyist," I said, "and I called to see if I could do what you require."

"Will you write something for me?" he said, placing writing materials before me.

I wrote several lines, which he examined, and then said they "would do."

I found the terms liberal, and carried home quite a large roll of papers. It was arranged that after this the office boy was to call for my writings, and bring me further orders.

Mr. Graham called occassionally to give some directions about the law papers; he was a man of about thirty-five, very kind in his manner, and he occasionally brought me a book to read. His little kindnesses were very welcome to me in my great loneliness.

I have forgotten to say that I had gone to live with an old lady whom I had once befriended during a long illness, but who had since received a small legacy which enabled her to live comfortably.

In time, my writings grew to be other than the copying of law papers. First, I wrote a short sketch, and sent it to one of the leading journals; it was received and paid for, and I continued writing. Soon after, a new book was given to the public, and loudly applauded. A few evenings afterward Mr. Graham called and brought me the book, saying he wished me to read it, as he felt sure I would like it. The author was unknown he said; she only gave a fictitious name; and all the efforts of the public had been unsuccessful in finding her out. I said nothing. I chose to keep my secret.

I had made up my mind to give up copying, and told him so. He looked at me in a surprised way for a moment then said—

"May I ask why, Miss Wilbor? Are you to be married? Tell me that it is not so!" He took my hand, then went on hurriedly,—

"I love you; you cannot be surprised at this; you must have seen it before; tell me that no one else has a claim upon your heart."

I told him the story of my past life.

"You cannot care for second love," I said.

But he only clasped me in his arms, saying—

"Your second love is more precious to me than the first love of any other woman."

I told him that night, who was the authoress of the book he so much admired. A look of proud joy came into his face.

"I thought it was like you; it made me think of you when I read it; but I did not dream of this; why have you kept it such secret?"

"Can you wonder?" I said. "Have I not learned what it was to be loved for my good fortune, and forsaken when that forsook me?" I wished to be loved for myself alone."

Only once have I met Alden Freemen; it was seven years after my father's death. He did not know of my marriage, and begged me to forgive him.

"O Ma ion!" he said, "you would forgive and pity me if you knew what I have suffered. Only forgive me, Marion and let me win your heart once more. Promise to be my wife, and nothing on earth shall part us."

What a flood of bitter memories oppressed my heart!

"There was a time long past," I answered, "when my heart was all your own; but you cast it back as worthless; have I not suffered, think you? I would not trust you with my heart if it were ever so free; but it is not; I have given it to one who loves me not for my *gold* but for myself. I am married to a good and noble man, and I love him with my whole heart."

A Quaker's Letter.

I herewith send thee my pocket clock, which standeth in need of thy friendly correction. The last time he was at thy friendly school, he was in no way reformed nor in the least benefitted thereby; for I perceive by the index of his mind that he is a liar and the truth is not in him; that his pulse is sometimes slow, which betokeneth not a even temper; at other times it waxeth sluggish, notwithstanding I frequently urge him; when he should be on duty, as thou knowest his hand denoteth, I find him slumbering, or, as the vanity of human reason phrases it, I caught him napping. Examine him, therefore, and prove him, I beseech thee, thoroughly, that thou mayest, being well acquainted with his inward frame and disposition, draw him from the error of his way, and show him the path where he should go. It grieves me t t ink, and wh n I ponder ther in I am verily of the opinion that his body is foul, and the whole mass is corrupted. Cleanse him, therefore, with thy charming physic, from all pollution, that may vibrate and circulate according to the truth I will place him for a few days under thy care, and pay for his board as thou requirest. I entreat thee, friend John, to demean thyself on this occasion with judgment, according to the gift which is in thee, and prove thyself a workman; and when thou layest thy correcting hand upon him let it be without passion, lest thou shouldst drive him to destruction Do thou regulate his motion for a time to come by the motion of the light that ruleth the day, and when thou findest him converted from the error of his ways, and more conformable to the above-mentioned rules, then do thou send him home with a just bill of charges drawn out in the spirit of moderation, and it shall be sent to thee in the root of all evil.

A sanguine young Ohio blacksmith had faith in his ability to make himself the receptacle for four pints of raw whisky within fifteen minutes. He wagered twenty five dollars to that effect, with a skeptic of his neigborhood, and made the village bar-room the scene of his brutish performance. Upon his neat and unornamental tombstone, now in process of construction, will be inscribed the simple epitaph. "He 'smiled' and died."

So immense is the demand for the eyes of peacocks' tails, as accessories to the art of millinery, that a benevolent gentleman thinks it will soon be time to establish a blind asylum for peacocks without eyes.

Bill Arp on the Collapse.

As the poet sed "the agony is over." Them cards in the sleeve would hav beat any honest hand. Bes-t-des, as Thomp. Allan would say, we playd badly. Baltimore Convention, and O'Conor and Alek Stevens and a limited supply of votes has beat us. Well, we still live. I'm not goin to bed about it. Old Greeley ain't no kin to me. Grant ain't neither, and thats whats the matter. I talked for Greeley and writ for him and voted for him, but I never did hanker after him. It made such an everlastin fuss in my family I had like to run away. You see Mrs. Arp wasent rekonsiled. She were a strait, and when she aint rekonsiled things aint as plassid as a silver lake around my house. I dont mean that times is bot or desperate, but to say the least of it they are pekuliar. A man likes to hav his bed and his board screen—Dont he? So you see as my wife was a strait it dident become me to be very crooked. And I want—at home. Shes a good woman and she'l endure everything and never grunt nor groan, but she wont compermise worth a cent. I told her I had no partikler use for Greeley and that he was a darned old infatyated lumbug, but that our paper belonged to the great unterryfide, unsatisfide, transmorgrifide Democratic party and must keep into line. She sed sum remarks about papers lying by the day and by the week and about self respect and independence and the like, and I grew as meek like Moses in a few minutes. The fact is I m s meek man. I've laid awake of nights a ruminatin how meek I was.

Mrs. Arp thinks the paper ought to take "TRUTH" for a motto and work up to it. I told her it would be a dangerous experiment, but she says it has never been tried yet. If I wasent afeerd the little Arps would perish to deth durin the experiment I would try it. Old Shank says we cant be worsted for he has tride lyin for 20 years and it wont pay. He says it would be an episode in the press, a kurosity, something like a elephant or an ekipse or John Robyson's circus. He says sometimes a paper sukseeds by lyin, like the New York *Herald* and the *Tribune*, and Forney's paper, but it has to be well backed. The *Herald* has got so now it can quit party and set back in a cheer and tell the truth in its old age; like an old speckulator who has made a fortune by cheatin and lyin and then puts his money in stocks and retires. He says that political papers lie from 90 per cent. down to 10 and that Forney is the only man who ever went full up to a 100 and kept it there.

Well, now that Grant has got in, I don't see any necessity for runnin the COMMERCIAL at a high pressure. If all the lyin issues sit ded, they are past doctrin. Now is a good time to go to developin the country We can raise children and chickens by the 1,000 in 4 years. Some of our folks is a tellin around how the country *could* have been saved, and all that. Old Shank thinks he knows but he don't. He's a good fellow, old Shank is. He don't gas around, but jest tells me privately, and asks me to say nothin about it, which I don't. But I heard one feller a goin it, and he said, "Gentlemen, if the people of the South had hav taken my advice, this kalam ty wouldent have happened. I talked to em, and preached to em, but you might as well hav tried to stop a Cowtumaller hurieane with a thimble full of sulphuretted hydrogen gas,"

Well, I don't like his sort, nor his gas It don't do any good. The thing has happened—the dog is ded. Grant aint agoin to take away our bred corn nor tobaker. As for a few little post offices and tax collektors, I dident care anything about em. Them whats got em needs em, I reken, and is took a power of low down hard work to get em.

We've got all the State officers from Gov. Smith down to the bottom, and I'm satisfied. Hurrah for old Georgy!

BILL ARP.

P. S.—I remarked to-day in a crowd: "We are a nation of thieves," and an office holder slipped up to me and whispered, "Calll no names, Bill, call no names." Thars something wrong about that man. B. A.

My Own, my Native Land.

The man who stands upon his own soil, who feels that by the laws of the land in which he lives—by the laws of civilized nations—he is the rightful and exclusive owner of the land which he tills, is, by the constitution of our nature, under a wholesome influence not easily imbibed from any other source. He feels—other things being equal—more strongly than another the character of a man as lord of an animated world. Of this great and wonderful sphere, which, fashioned by the hand of God and upheld by His power, is rolling through the heavens, a part is his—his from the centre of the sky. It is in the space on which the generation before moved in its round of duties, and he feels himself connected by a visible link with those who follow him, and to whom he is to transmit a home. Perhaps his farm has come down to him by his fathers. They have gone to their last home; but he can trace their footsteps over the scenes of his daily labors. The roof which shelters him was reared by those to whom he owes his being. Some interesting domestic tradition is connected with every inclosure. The favorite fruit tree was planted by his father's hands. He sported in boyhood beside the brook which winds through the meadow. Through the field lies the path to the village school of earlier days He still hears from the window the voice of the Sabbath-bell which called his father to the house of prayer; and nearer at hand is the spot where his parents were laid to rest, and where, when his time has come, he shall be laid by his children. These are the feelings of the owner of the soil. Words cannot paint—gold cannot buy them; they flow out of the deepest foundation of the heart; they are the life-springs of fresh, healthy and generous national character.

A Sad, Sad Story.

Twenty-five years ago, says a letter writer, a company of young people, farmers' sons and daughters, to the number of thirty-two, drove in the early morning down to the ancient little city of Amboy, New Jersey, to embark in a sloop for a sail down the waters of one of the prettiest bays that wash the Atlantic coast. Arrived at Sandy Hook, they feasted, fished and frolicked and flirted, too, no doubt, for the wash-tub and the dairy can never deprive the daughters of Eve of their prerogative. At the close of the afternoon they prepared for a glorious bath in the surf of Florida Grove, the young men retiring round the point, leaving their fair friends in unembarrassed enjoyment of the situation. Upon their return the young farmers saw a sight that might well strike terror to the stoutest heart. The cruel undertow had sucked the poor girls down to their deaths, and the waves had cast their bodies on to the sands from whence they had dashed so merrily into the rolling surf a short half hour before and not one of the whole party was left alive. Sadly the young men bore the remains of sisters, friend and sweetheart back to their homes, now made desolate indeed, and wide-spread was the grief and anguish in the hitherto happy township of Piscataway. There was not a family that did not mourn the loss of a beloved child and daughter; and such was the shock produced by the terrible occurrence throughout the whole State of New Jersey that the memory of it is preserved to this day, and the story told by those who listened to it first, perhaps, from the lips of a sorrowful eye-witness.

An Indian's Mistake.

Some months ago a lot of Sioux Indians robbed a stage coach on the plains, and found among the packages of freight a clothes wringer. One of the chiefs had observed certain beings grinding terrific music out of a machine with the same kind of a crank as that upon the wringer, so a conviction seized his soul that that was a barrel organ. He had the wringer carefully carried back to camp, and he made up his mind that from that day forward the silence of that solitary wilderness was going to be broken by a ceaseless round of tunes and vibrations. First he grasped the crank and began to turn it, in order to show his braves how the thing was done. He revolved it for sixteen hours, but no music came. Then the other Indians took a hand, one after another, for a week. Then the squaws were turned on, but with no effect.

Then the chief went out and stole a mule and a threshing machine, and rigged up a lot of blocks and pulleys, and ran a belt over the crank; then exploded powder under the hind legs of that mule, so that he kept charging up the inclined plane of that threashing machine, and the wringer made sixty revolutions a minute. But it wouldn't work. So the chief came to the conclusion that the concern was under some kind of a curse, and he ran out the medicine man, and had a war dance, and drove yellow pine stakes through a couple of white captives, and jumped some wild mysterious music on the drum. Then the medicine man hitched up the mule again, and, after starting the machine, he leaned up against it while he muttered an exorcism In a couple of minutes the rubber rollers clenched his breech clout and began to haul him in with his knees doubled up against his face. When he got half way through he stuck, and the machine stopped. He couldn't move, and the chief was afraid to touch the wringer; so the braves fell on the doctor, and jabbed him with a knife, and scalped him; then they buried him and the machine as they were. This was the last attempt of the Sioux Indians to cultivate the fine arts.

Terrible Sentence.

The Rev. Oial Oielsen a Norwegian minister, was beheaded on the 20th of July, at Tromsoe, in the extreme north of Norway. He had been convicted of having poisoned his aged father, and having assassinated his three illegitimate children. He was arrested at the instigation of his former mistress, Bertha Hilgren, and, in consequence of his strenous denials of guilt, subjected to the torture of being deprived of water for three days, and once for twenty-four hours he was chained to the wall of his dungeon in an erect position. The sentence finally pronounced against him was that for twenty-four hours he should be exposed to the pillory with his right hand nailed to the board of infamy, and that he should then have his right hand chopped off and his head cut off with an axe. Upon hearing his doom, the unfortunate man fell on his knees and implored the audience to shoot him, in order to put an end to his misery. Nearly 20,000 people witness the execution of the criminal.

A good story is told of a widow lady in town. Her husband died far away from home, and it took so long for his remains to reach New York that his relict had quite recovered from her grief and was giving a large lunch party when they finally arrived. A wagon drove up to the door, and a long box was handed out. Curiosity ran high among the ladies at the window, and with one accord they exclaimed, "Why, Mrs. Jones, what can it be?" Up went Mrs. Jones' eyeglasses, and after a glance she coolly said, "Why, it must be Jones come home. Charley, run down and open the door for your father.

One of the saddest sights in this season of the year is a young man who has waited outside the church of an evening until he is chilled through only to see his girl walk off with some rascal who has been inside all the time roasting his sinful shins at the stove.

The Way to Keep Sunday.

The Lord's day is a good day in which to learn to love you neighbor as yourself. I do not think it is a great sin if your neighbor has his side door open on the Sabbath day for you to walk across the lawn and sit on his porch, and talk with him of seemly things. I think the Lord likes that. I do not think that if your household is more radiant, and your children wake and say, (as I never did), "Thank God, it is Sunday"—I don't think that if you make it the best day of the week, and your children are good natured, and joyful that they are any the worse. I believe in letting out the harness a little. I believe in making the holes for the buckle a little lower down. Let our Lord's day be a church day in the morning and a family day the rest of the time. I think that we preach too much. I think we overteach and overtax in the Sabbath-school. I think we are making the Lord's day laborious. I do not think we use Sunday enough to make the family finer, sweeter, more homogeneous, more social and so more religious. I see many, many men who come to church stern and stiff. They would not for all the world ride in a street car on Sunday—no; nor go over the ferry on Sunday—no; nor do anything at home that made them agreeable—no! I do not hold up their way of keeping the Sabbath as a model. Sunday is a day of household love. It is a day in which the children ought to feel that their father and mother never were so handsome before, and never so good. It is a day in which ever part of the household should, at the going down of the sun, be able to say, "Thank God for this open door of heaven, which has poured out so many happy hours on us?"

Not a Pleasant Ride.

Interesting accounts have been given of rides with actual or supposed lunatics, and some of the criminal records of the European cities give graphic reminiscences of criminals as companions on railway and coach routes. But one experience of a Warder of Newgate prison, in a van loaded with criminals, is told in the *Pall Mall Gazette*, as follows:

It seems that the prison van was conveying fifteen convicts who had been sentenced to long terms of penal servitude at the last session of the Criminal Court from Newgate to the House of Correction at Pentonville. One warder was stationed inside the van, in a small space between the compartments, and another warder on the step of the vehicle. The journey passed off pleasantly enough until the van reached Islington, when one of the prisoners began to break in the inner panel of his cell. His example was followed by three others, and there appeared every prospect of a desperate struggle ensuing; in the meantime the warder inside had given the alarm to the warder outside, who communicated the danger to the driver.—The horses were accordingly urged to a rapid pace, and dashed upward toward Pentonville Prison in the hopes of arriving there before the convicts succeeded in regaining their liberty. It must have been an exciting moment as the van flew through the narrow streets with this wild turmoil going on within its gloomy panels. At last the haven was reached in safety, and the relief of the warder inside when he found himself within its gates and handed over his passengers to the Pentonville officials may be more easily imagined than described.

Realities of Manhood.

To the boy, the world beyond his immediate surroundinds is only a picture. He does not know how real are the sorrows, the passions, the ambitions of men. Its absorbing interest, its heroes and its martyrs, are heard of by him without understanding, or with indifference His sport, his lessons, his home life, are alone real, But there will come a change. The ordinary slow growth into manhood, with its business or professional pursuits and widening relations, or startling event, such as the death of a parent, or some intellectual or spiritual appeal, striking out the latent soul, will make vivid and earnest what was indistinct and uninteresting. Like a stereoscopic picture before it is put in the stereoscopic, the life of men has no body or reality; but when the boy awakens as with the picture within the instrument so with him, a solidity and naturalness will be acquired by the external world, and he will feel that it is henceforth to live and move amongst these grander and graver forms. Many mistakes will he commit, false estimates will he form of proportion and perspective, the earnestness of new conceptions will hurry him into extravagances and generous errors, but if there is truth in his nature, and nobleness in his spirit, just views will be formed, and the day in which it is given him to work will find him not unmindful of the responsibility which arises from a knowledge of the coming night.

Woman's Smile.

A beautiful smile is to the female countenance what the sunbeam is to the landscape; it embellishes an inferior face and redeems an ugly one. A smile, however, should not become habitual, or insipidity is the result; nor should the mouth break into a smile on one side, the other remaining passive and unmoved, for this imparts an air of deceitful grotesqueness to the face. A disagreeable smile distorts the line of beauty and is more repulsive than a frown. There are many kinds of smiles, each having a distinctive character; some announce goodness and sweetness; others betray sarcasm, bitterness, and pride; some soften the countenance by their brilliant and spiritual vivacity. Gazing and poring over a mirrow cannot aid in acquiring beautiful smiles half so well as to turn the gaze inward, to watch that the heart keeps unsullied from the reflection of evil, and is illumined and beautified by sweet throbs.